AN

EPISTLE

To the AUTHOR of

The FOUR FARTHING CANDLES.

BY

The AUTHOR of *The* ROSCIAD *of C-v-nt-G-rd-n.*

——— Diram qui contudit hydram,
Notáque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari.

HOR.

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E P I S T L E

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To the AUTHOR of

The FOUR FARTHING CANDLES.

SINCE, tho' unknown to mine, or me,
You with my ROSCIAD make ſo free,
And vent your pointleſs, ſenſeleſs ſpite,
Before your Muſe has learn'd to write:
I, in return, my gentle friend,
Will ſcan your work from end to end;

And ſhew the critic town at once,
(Whate'er I am) that you're a dunce.

FIRST, to defend a hackney'd thought,
Which forty diff'rent Bards have taught,
Without or pity, or remorſe,
You drag poor HORACE in by force,
Whoſe verſe thy ears could never reach,
But thro' the ſtupid lines of CREECH;
And yet you bring one ſentence pat in,
To ſhew you've got a little *Latin*,
And tell us, with your uſual wit,
(Poeta naſcitur, non fit.)

THY

* THY mean abuſe is next employ'd
On SHIRLEY, COLMAN, CHURCHILL, LLOYD.
Here take ſome good advice, dull friend,
Abuſe not, till you can amend.
And why, becauſe my Muſe dar'd raiſe
Her feeble notes to CHURCHILL's praiſe,
Muſt thy prodigious wiſdom find;
† A refuge only was deſign'd?
Whilſt you to S----T meanly ſneak,
And pilf'ring M----'s favour ſeek:
'Tis true, I ſaid that CHURCHILL's rhimes
Soar'd far beyond theſe leaden times;

* See page 7, of *The Four Farthing Candles.*
† See page 21, of the ſame.

But that nor roſe from partial views,
Nor terror of the two Reviews:
To me the bounteous hand of heav'n,
A fairer, happier lot has giv'n;
Should thoſe two giants both unite
Their Critical, and Monthly ſpite;
Should all the nation with them join,
And, right or wrong, damn ev'ry line,
By laviſh fortune frankly grac'd,
I ſcorn their rage, and ſpurn their taſte;
Yet if a moment, to beguile,
Should SHIRLEY on my numbers ſmile;
Should tuneful LLOYD, with wit endow'd,
Superior to the common crowd;

Or COLMAN haply condeſcend
One ſingle ſentence to commend;
Should HE, whoſe manly, nervous ſong,
With ſtrength and ſweetneſs rolls along;
Whoſe ev'ry verſe with candour flows,
Whoſe ev'ry thought with ſpirit glows;
With pleaſure find one faultleſs ſtrain,
I might, indeed, be ſomething vain.

THOU next haſt found, with ſearching eyes,
(Lord! ſome folks, ſure, are mighty wiſe!)
That times are alter'd ſince the days,
" When POPE attun'd his deathleſs Lays *;"

* See page 16, of *The Four Farthing Candles.*

That

That ſtupid, dull, unmeaning head,
No ſyllable of his e'er read;
For expletives their aid *do* join,
To lengthen out each feeble line:
Nay, what I think is ſtill more odd,
You write fal-len, and pe-ri-od:
That man that wou'd our ears delight,
Muſt always fal'n, and period write.
In time, I ſhall expect to ſee,
You'll put for HENRY HE-NE-RY.

IF, as thou ſay'ſt, my ſickly ſong *
In lazy numbers crawl, along,

* See page 21, of *The Four Farthing Candles.*

Sure

Sure thou againſt it ſhould'ſt not bawl,
Whoſe ſong no numbers has at all;
Thy muſe, a foul, miſhapen elf,
Is rude, and hideous, as thyſelf:
Thy mortal frame's to me unknown;
I'm ſpeaking of thy mind alone;
Where keen reproaches all reſort,
Where biting ſcandal holds her court;
From whence ſhe throws her poiſ'nous dart
At ev'ry unprovoking heart.

* WHEN common-ſenſe again ſhall ſmile
On BRITAIN's long deſerted iſle,

* See page 22, of *The Four Farthing Candles.*

Thou dulneſs ſhalt no longer handle,
Thy fav'rite theme, a *Farthing Candle*;
Thy ſimilies no longer bring,
Which ſtink, and vainly ſtrive to ſting!
But, leaving all poetic ſtrains
To thoſe whom Heav'n has bleſt with brains,
Thou ſhalt thy old employment chuſe,
Of ſweeping ſtreets, or cleaning ſhoes.

F I N I S.

* See page 22, of The Four Farthing Candles.

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